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FOR THE OBSERVER.

EFFECTS OF WAR ON THE MIND.

Frequent scenes of blood and murder render men cruel, and savage, and unfeeling; as the following extract from England's History, among thousands of others will show. The civil wars and insurrections in those times (James II.) had been so frequent, that blood, cruelty and murder, had become familiar to many. The following facts took place in consequence of the unfortunate rebellion headed by the Duke of Monmouth, who fell a victim to his rashness.

"But although the fate of the Duke of Monmouth was the natural consequence of his imprudent temerity, and his punishment consistent with the laws and the practice of all nations and ages, the cruelties exercised on his deluded followers were disgraceful to the victors and shocking to humanity. The Lord Chief Justice Jeffries was sent into the west with a special commission, to try all who had been directly or indirectly concerned in the rebellion; and Major General Kirk was ordered to attend him, with a body of troops, to keep the people in awe. It was impossible to find in the whole kingdom two men more destitute of religion, honor or humanity. To detail the cruelty of these two tigers in human shape, would be disgusting to the reader: even a few instances of their savage barbarity, will blacken and disgrace the pages of history. Neither men nor women were spared. It suffices to say that Jeffries condemned no fewer than six hundred persons to be hanged, and their quarters to be exposed to the sides of the high-ways. He even gloried in his barbarity, and boasted that he had hanged more than any Judge in England since the days of William the Conqueror. He even would have carried still further his insatiable cruelty, had not many purchased their lives at the expense of their estates. One gentleman gave him 14,000 pounds to save his life; and those who were not sufficiently rich to purchase their pardons at his price, were hanged, or cruelly whipped, or sold for slaves to the American Plantations.

Kirk was not behind Jeffries in tyranny. At Taunton, he caused nineteen persons, by his own authority, without any trial, to be hanged, with drums beating and trumpets sounding; and another time, at the same place, having invited his officers to dinner, he caused thirty condemned persons to be hanged while they sat at table, namely, ten in health to the king, ten in health to the queen, and ten in health to the Lord Chief Justice Jeffries!!!

Men are not naturally so inhuman and ferocious as Jeffries and Kirk are shown to have been by Mr. Bigland. They do not naturally delight in the torment and agony of their fellows, or make the pangs of death, an amusement at their meals; such monster-cannibals are rare in christian lands. But such characters are made from practice and habit; they are the productions of a soil moistened with innocent blood; they thrive best in countries of war, insurrection and murder, and acquire their ferocity and brutal insensibility by frequently experiencing and witnessing the violation and outrage, committed upon the lives and liberties of their brethren; till at length they become insensible to their pains and sufferings. It is undoubtedly a lamentable truth that the practice of war generally has this brutalizing effect upon the human character. But the miseries and sufferings, and well as the moral influence of war, are kept out of sight in the back ground, while its glories and external pomp are painted in the most striking colors; as says a judicious writer, "It is natural to suppose, that circulating correct histories of war, would have the effect to excite a general abhorrence of the custom. But in the usual way of writing such histories, the horrors and distresses of its sanguinary scenes are in such a manner accompanied with accounts on the bravery of fighting men and the glories of victory, that the mind of the reader is diverted from the tremendous havoc and distress. He is perhaps told that a glorious victory was obtained at great expense, that the number of killed and wounded on the part of the victors could not be less than 15 or 20,000; and that the loss on the side of the vanquished was much greater. But he is not permitted to dwell on the miseries of such a scene. His attention is soon called to the display of skill and valor on the part of the officers and soldiers. If the preparations of the historian are in favor of the victors, he will perhaps admit of much praise is due to the enemy,

that they fought with astonishing intrepidity, and displayed heroism worthy of a better cause. But nothing could resist the valor of the victorious army.

In respect to the loss on the side of the victors, the writer consoles himself and the reader, with such considerations as these:—The honorable manner in which the dead, the wounded exposed their lives for the good of their country—the honor of the victory—the great advantages obtained, and the fact that the loss was much greater on the part of the enemy. By the time the reader has attended to all the displays of heroism, the praises bestowed on the living and the dead, and the glories of victory, he has in a great measure lost sight of the horrors of the scene—a scene in which acres of ground were crimsoned with human blood and covered with the bodies of the dead and the dying, and the mangled limbs of wounded men.

An account of such a battle in a Newspaper, headed, "A Glorious Victory," or "Glorious News," would probably leave a fainter impression on the mind, of the horrors of the scene, than another article in the same paper headed—"Horrid Murder," containing particulars of the distress of a single family, occasioned by the murder of one man or woman. Yet both the guilt and distress accompanying the "Glorious Victory" may have been ten thousand times greater, than that which accompanied the "Horrid Murder." Indeed the narratives of bloody battles are often so embellished with feats of valor, heroism and glory, that they leave on the minds of the gay and inconsiderate little more impression of guilt, than a brilliant account of a "horse race." Let us survey the battle ground, after the bloody strife has ceased, and carefully observe the numerous objects of suffering, and pity; let us look at the mangled bodies of our brethren scattered around in every posture, dying and agonizing in consequence of the cruel wounds they have received in the savage fray; hear the groans and shrieks of distress and despair sounding from hundreds of mouths, and imploring help, but alas! how many implore in vain; and with a sudden heart-rending scream close their eyes in death! Let a man be an eye-witness of these scenes of misery and suffering, and let him compare them with all the possible glory and advantages that can be derived from such a victory. He cannot say that the whole amount of good will balance the ten thousandth part of the evils that ensue from such a savage method of deciding disputes and controversies.

The pomp, the borrowed charms, and the brilliancy, that are thrown around the scenes of war and bloodshed, blind the minds of men from an impartial and candid view of its many miseries and evils. The embellishment of description, the fictions of the poet, and the magic colors of the enthusiast, all lead their meretricious ornaments to bewitch the understanding, and intoxicate the heart with the pretended glories, and empty honors of the warrior. But alas! these are always the price of blood—and little do men think at what expense they were acquired. Are there any classes of men among us whose bowels of pity are moved at the poverty and distress of individuals of our brethren, or who deemed it a joy and a pleasure to find objects of charity on which they may exercise that godlike virtue? This is one, dear reader, worthy of all your labors, and all your benevolence; for there is no calamity that falls to the lot of man, more distressing, or that calls for the aid and exertion of the charitable and benevolent, than the custom of war. When fortune puts in our power to rescue one individual from suffering, or death, we consider it a noble act of love and charity, and we feel happy in doing it; but how many deaths, and how much suffering and misery might be prevented by the abolition of human butchery, or war. Unite, dear reader, in this cause of charity.

"Shall the sword devour forever." SALUS.

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"A STORY OF OLDER TIME IN ITALY."

"I am the daughter of noble parents, whom I will not name,—for they should rest undisgraced in their tombs,—who left me sole heir of a large estate in the most fertile fields of Italy. I had fair and stately halls, vassals for service in court or field, ladies for attendance, and every other thing needful or unneeded with which human pride can be pampered, and honor or humor desired or deserved. Mistress of these enviable possessions, I had many princely suitors, who met with such honorable entertainments as their many pleasant qualities merited. But there was one never seen among those flattering suitors, who was a thriving wooer with my heart, though he had never worshipped at its shrine; and might have had that woman's toy as a gift which he was either too humble or too proud to ask.

"This was the noble gentleman called Guido de Medicis, the owner of the poor estate, touching upon the wider skirts of mine. He was of an ancient race of poets, painters, sculptors, legislators, and members of all the intellect of Italy; that proud land, where humble genius, is of more nobility than the entire body merely honorable birth.—But he, of whom I write, is now cold in a grave only vaster than his great capacity,—the earth embracing the sea; and could these miserable and shameful tears, which fall at the recollection of the wrong which I have done him, out-water that sea, they would not enough mourn him who is the drowned hope and pride of my dear fatherland: vainly therefore do I weep a sin which tears may never wash away, nor any life or death atone for to Heaven and my country."

An eloquent and impassioned description of Guido follows this;

"From some inquiries which I had made among his domestics, I learnt that his heart (which I had thought possible to be mine) was irrevocably given to the fair Bianca, daughter of Baptista Buonaventuri, an old merchant of Florence; and that, in few days, he was to set out for Syracuse to claim her hand, in fulfillment of a solemn compact, made when passing his novitiate in that city. This intelligence came like death upon my heart; and, for many days, I held myself averse from the gay company and the old countesses of my house.—My noble friends saw my spirit to be sick, and strove to come at its disease; but I had already formed my resolution, rather than confess my weakness, to die of an undiscovered grief, and, since my malady was hopeless, that it should be also voiceless. I preserved that strict silence which is alone the security of secrecy. But, nevertheless, I wept my sorrow in the loneliness and darkness of the sleepless night; and this I did, till the paleness of my cheek was now so constant, instead of its wonted rosy tinge, that it was scarcely noticed, either by the pitying kindly, or the prying curious."

Guido leaves his house for Florence; and the Italian Lady, unable to support his absence, follows him in secret, and becomes introduced to Guido's intended bride.

"Bianca Buonaventuri was indeed a woman worthy of a sculptor's love; for all those beauties which Art has imitated from Nature were mingled in her. In her form were blended all that I had till then thought the idealities of Grecian and Roman majesty; in motion she was stately as the swan, and swam the air rather than walked the earth. Her step was an inaudible music; her voice sweeter than the recollected music of a dream. Her mind was a beek of pure and wise thoughts, written surely by some hand divine. Her countenance such as eagles wear—and they were made fair that man might love heaven, where all is beautiful. Love shone in her eyes, but with so holy and placid a fire,—two sister stars burning in the winter beam not a chaster light, wherever they turned all eyes were illuminated, and whatever she looked upon reflected back the beauty she turned upon it. Indeed all those fair and admirable qualities which make women worthy of that paragon of earthly creatures—man—she was perfection. That Guido should love the gentle girl was no longer wonderful; for I even loved him the more that he did love her, so endearing a power hath beauty in its purity."

They were to be married on the morrow; and the Italian lady, subduing her passions to a sister's love, attended the solemn ceremony, and agreed to accompany them from Florence to the sea-coast, where they all took shipping for Syracuse, the residence of Bianca's family and are overtaken by a storm;

"The frail vessel, which had lain on

the waters like a log, strained under their strong stirring, and creaked as if its ribs were severing. High wave followed high wave, as if they were indeed not waves, but mountains sliding off the face of the earth in the sea of space—when rolling some way over the common level of the waters, they fell with a crushing noise into the bed of the sea. At length all the fury of the tempest seemed gathered, and again the lightning glanced along the deck, and mingled with the washing waves; so that it was not easy to say whether the water was not lightning, or the lightning the water, for they appeared one. The crazy vessel now dipped down, and now heaved to this side, and now to the other, like a toy in the hands of the mighty tempest. The master gave command, seeing that the sea broke with every rush over the ship, that those who feared the peril should go below; but not one of the trembling throng stirred from where they held by the ship,—for all saw the worst, and not thought it possible to escape from it. Bianca clung, in horror, to her husband, who strove to comfort her, and bid her take heart.—The old man covered his gray head with the foldings of his cloak; and, as he sat motionless and worldless, seemed the very resignation of despair."

The storm increasing, the vessel was driven on the rocks; but again floated off, without sinking. The tragedy now thickens:

"It was true that she had endured but little hurt, and with the recoiling rush of the waves, was thrown afloat again; but ere the master could leap to the helm, to put her further out, a strong sea came driving before the wind, which now blew as it would part the poles, and again flung her, as if she were no mightier than a sea-shell, upon the sharp rocks. She broke at the blow like parted bread, the stern half of her bulk tumbling over into the sea; while the head of the vessel lay reeling on the rock. Then the shriek of dismay and death went up from men that were never more to call on Heaven; for many of the crew were crowded about the helm; and, when it parted, went down with her, never again to rise with life.

The venerable Baptista, Guido, his fair wife, and myretched self, still clung to the chains at the bow; but not long held we there, for a strong wave came mounting at our backs, and in a moment we were hurled with the halved vessel down from the reef into the gaping abyssal depth we had left in the sea. Again the fragment mounted to the surface, and we had all held to each other, and to the ropes which were coiled round our bodies, save the feeble Bianca, who had sunk out of the grasp of her husband, but being entangled in the coil of the ropes, was not swept into the sea. We might hear another wave coming with a rushing roar towards us, as it had determined we should be its prey; when Guido, seeing, with the calmness of courage, that, if we awaited it, our escape was hopeless, cried out, Father, take thou the care of the Lady Erminia, as I will of thy daughter, and let us at once leap beyond the reef into the sea, and struggle for the land."

"And now shriek not as from the serpent fiend, to hear me tell the story of that crime which has cursed me here, and may hereafter. After these words, he again cried out, 'Bianca, my beloved, where art thou?' The fatal love which had fed upon me like a flame upon a living sacrifice, even in this awful hour burnt sensibly in my hateful heart; and, prompted by that miserable passion, and the love of him and of life, some fiend answered surely with my tongue, 'Here!' and he caught at me as a desperate drowner doth at a floating weed, and leaping into the sea, cried to the old man, 'Follow me, father, follow me!' But he heard him not; for I saw that he was dead, and had fallen on his swooned child, who, as we leaped into the sea, shrieked out, and auditorily informed me that she still lived, though my struggling soul would fain have quitted its conscience with the thought that he was dead, and so have palliated to itself, if it failed afterwards to Guido, and to Heaven, its damnable deceit.—Gui! he heard not her cry, or if he did, took it, in the stunning turbulence of the tempest's roar, for mine. For a long time he buffeted the waves with a giant's strength, and a courage that could not be weakened; and still as he beat the waves aside, or breasted them like a living rock, he cried, 'Be of good cheer, my Bianca, I shall save thee yet! And when I heard him call on her name, my heart smote so fearfully within me, that, though I was sure of death if I had disclosed that I was Erminia, I thrice had nearly confessed the dreadful truth; but my love of life, and cruel love of

him, stifled my voice. Twice I saw, in the glaring flash of lightning, that he gazed upon me, to see if I had life; for the fear of disclosure, and the peril of the waters, made me voiceless and strengthless, and I lay almost lifeless in his champing arm, as he struck through the waves with the other. He looked on me again, but the waters had washed my long hair, over my face, so that he knew me not; and still he clasped me to him tenderly, and beat his burthened way through the sea. Long time thus he contended resolutely with death, when just as his strength was spent, and he had bade me commit my soul to Heaven; he described light not far before us, and faintly told me still to hope, for we were near land. This nerved him a new, and he plied his way lustily, till we at length touched the rocky shore, where, summoning a desperate man's might, he clambered up the low, craggy cliffs, and, feeling the firm earth under him, dropped to the ground, from utter exhaustion. For some time I knew not what occurred, for safety then seemed more dreadful to me than the dangers I had passed through, and I swooned. When I recovered, I found Guido endeavoring to bring life back, by cherishing me in his bosom. And ever and anon he would call for help, as strongly as he might; to the distant fishermen's cottages where he had first discerned the light which led him to the shore.

"At length we descried a light approaching the spot where we lay, still on the ground, and could hear the loud halloo of the comers, and, after some time, guided by his continual cry, a fisherman came up with a torch. As it neared us I shrank from it like a soul and guilty thing, that loves darkness rather than day, but in vain; for Guido's anxious eye looked at last on my face as the light fell on it, when uttering a dreadful shriek of dismay and despair, he dropping me from his arms, and starting from the ground, like one made instantly mad by some sudden stroke upon the brain, he rushed, staggering and strengthless, but wildly, to the cliff. I clung to him heavily, to prevent him from again leaping into the sea; but I dared not speak to him, save by feeble, inarticulate cries. He glanced at me a look which withered me, and shaking me like a serpent to the earth with a terrible cry, flung himself from the cliff into the sea! I beheld him beating his way back to the wreck, as the lightning momentarily flashed from the firmament; and, at length, I saw him grasp at some white burden on the waters, and again turn for the shore; but suddenly his right arm ceased to strike out; and, though I kept my breaking eyes fixed on the same spot, when the next lightning flashed, I saw that he had sunk; when, crying to God in my despair, I fell on my face, and was insensible to all about me."

THE MORAL INQUIRY.

We have already noticed this work: the more we examine its contents, the more we are pleased with the acute reasoning and sound sense of the author. He has dared to think for himself, and to establish his opinions upon his own observations; instead of yielding a blind obedience to the dogmas of the schools. Such are the men who throw a light upon human nature—who lay bare its mysteries and penetrate its darkness.—The most learned men are not always the most profound and enlightened philosophers; they frequently adopt the notions of their great teachers, without daring to investigate the solidity of their foundation. A great man gives currency to the grossest absurdities; education fills the mind with a set of opinions, which pass for axioms, many of which are far from being self-evident, and not half so intelligible as the proverbs of Sancho Panza. Where you find one man who thinks for himself, you find ten thousand who have no opinions of their own. They go to Locke or Paley for their ideas, just as they go to a tailor for a coat. Since this is, and must be, the order of things, it is all important that the standard works on ethics and philosophy should be cleared of every thing noxious, ridiculous, and unnatural.

Let us suppose a case. Suppose we should alter the title of the chief ruler of these United States, without adding one iota to his powers and privileges; suppose, instead of calling him President, we were to call him King! What a tremendous uproar it would create! What scenes of storm and wrath, and violence, it would engender! And all for what? For a mere name—nothing more.

Again:—What is that immortal fame, so ardently desired, so perseveringly

Why, then, does nature pant for glory and renown? The savage and the sophist, the scholar and the clodpole, alike are subject to such aspirations.—The savage must leave 'the fame of a tried warrior on earth, ere he can hunt the shadowy deer on the hill of shadows; the civilized soldier must bathe his name in blood, ere his spirit is clothed with its immortal garb; and honest flodge must break the heads of half the parish, in order that he may be remembered after death. Well did Burke exclaim, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

FOR THE OBSERVER.

BUCKFIELD, May 9th, 1828

The only fact that can render a public notice of this meeting justifiable or proper, is, that it was undoubtedly got up by its projectors for the purpose of giving a tone to the feelings of the County "by early committing every individual within the sphere of their influence, and drawing out the expression of an opinion which it might be difficult afterwards to retract." The record, as it appears in the Jeffersonian, is very far from being an expression of the unbiased and independent opinion of the citizens of this town. Seldom has art and management been put into more extensive requisition, to produce a desired effect than in this case. Honest and upright men, have been made the instruments of the unhalloved zeal of others without the least suspicion of the fact. Some were made to aid in a cause which their better judgment must condemn, while their very dictators, were laughing in their sleeves at their easy credulity.

To give you a sketch of the affairs of this convention, I will state firstly, it seems that to have all possible benefits from its results, it was designed by the sub managers to operate by way of contrast; and for this purpose a communication was made to the Observer under the guise of a friend to the administration, stating their triumph at our annual meeting, &c. For the particulars of this paper I refer you to the same. You will at once perceive what the object was. Anticipating that they might not have a full attendance at their contemplated caucus, they adopted this plan for the purpose of exhibiting evidence of a change of sentiment, more or less. This low-minded, miserable trick seems to have been discovered and filled its purpose. I would here notice, that in one particular, especially that communication most probably stated the truth. In the election of town officers, we found out it was severely contested. The gentleman who had for some years occupied that office (than whom no town in the State can produce a better clerk) was decidedly for the administration, and for this the Jackson men made a strong pull to prevent his reelection and failed by a majority of 75 and he has since loudly about the town stating that the two parties in this town were engaged in a full-blown campaign of our kind, and that patriots were the weaker and our preparations. At no other office was any party influence brought to bear. Could the editors of the Bostonian be satisfied of the truth and sincerity of I am confident they would regret the injustice they did to

see. There is nothing more false than the accusation in that paper, against us and nothing more true than the contrary. The elements of tyranny and oppression exist here as true in all their native characteristics, and nothing but power, talent and opportunity, is wanting for their most extended operation. Indeed their influence on a precise scale, is in daily experiment and has been in full force in gathering and controlling this caucus. Some after this a secret meeting was holden in the night under a disguised intent, from which meeting a deputation was despatched the next day, to Paris, after whose return, the notice of the meeting on the 19th was posted. It is difficult for those who are unused to the art of party management, to conceive of the exertions made to produce a full attendance at this time. Agents were employed in traversing the town in pursuit of recruits. Rendezvous were opened in the village to receive enlistments. Bounties were promised to the ambitious, and threatenings were held up to the timid; and every man who ventured to express a doubt of the propriety of these things, was denounced as a federalist—an old toy and Hartford Conventioneer. Indeed I know not when, in times of party in days gone by, I have ever witnessed more of that bitterness of party rancour, that of uncharitableness, of that zeal without knowledge; or less of that high-minded liberality, so well suited to the development of truth, and so characteristic of purity of principle, than was displayed on this occasion. The friends of the administration, considered that although the notice was nominally to them, yet knowing its origin, and from various incidents, they considered the meeting was intended to be exclusively Jacksonian, and therefore generally declined to attend. To this there were some exceptions.

The meeting being organized, an inquiry was made as to the necessity, at this early time if ever, of expressing our opinion on the subject stated in the notice; and it was suggested that serious objections existed against that course, inasmuch as we might possibly commit ourselves against our future better judgment.—That we might lead others astray possibly by force of our example and that in fact it would be forestalling public opinion so far as in us lay. These being the very objects of the projectors of the meeting, could not of course be admitted as objections. No answer however was made to them; but instead thereof we were very magnanimously told that we might vote, but that our votes would be considered as federal votes—that this was a republican convention and none who supported the administration were republicans, &c. &c. How the gentleman who was thus *civil* and thus *gentlemanlike* came by his authority, did not and has not yet ap-

peared. The Rev'd Representative of Hartford, who had been invited, as was stated by one of the managers, for the particular purpose of informing the ignorant that might attend, now addressed the meeting. If information of importance was expected from this gentleman, the ignorant must have been disappointed and the more knowing mortified, as the gentleman left nearly the whole subject contemplated in the notice, untouched. The tenor of his discourse was what we have been daily accustomed to see, hear and read among the political slanders of the times; among which the "bargain and corruption" formed the leading theme. That same corruption which long since become stale in the hands of those who have endeavored to diffuse its pestilential odors through the land and which, having passed through every stage of fermentation, has finally returned to the bogs and fens in the imagination of those who gave it birth. The Rev'd divine gave us no comment on the measures of the administration, nor did he bring to view any peculiar qualifications found in the opposing candidate. Indeed he honestly told us that Gen. Jackson was not his favorite. He explicitly stated what his opinion was in 1821 and what it was at the then present time; but of what it had been two months ago or what it might be two months to come, he left to history and conjecture to determine. Mr. B—— was followed in reply by Mr. H—— who having taken some notice of the leading observation of the former gentleman was proceeding to the main question before the meeting, and in pursuance thereof was about to read a short extract from a congressional document, when he was interrupted by a motion to prohibit the reading of the paper, which motion was put by the President and declared by him to be voted. Thus a total bar was put to debate and the gentleman left the hall with others disgusted at the illiberal and domineering spirit that presided the c. And here all controversy ended. Having counted signals whether true or false, the meeting was adjourned to another day at a late hour, no doubt to prevent all debate in future, and soon after another despatch was sent off to headquarters, probably to have suitable preparations ready for the next meeting.

settled; but it is somewhat surprising that there was not a sufficiency of the wisdom of this world then operating to perceive the impolicy of the measure, although there might not be a sufficient sense of the injustice of it.

You can readily perceive that, under the influence of such a state of things, the official record of this meeting cannot present the real evidence of the unprejudiced sentiments even of the members present; much less of citizens of the town of which they are a minority. There is a coercion over the minds of men as powerfully to be used as there can be over their bodies; nor is there one more justifiable than the other: Nay, it is much less so. The inhabitants of this town are peculiarly republican in their sentiments and feelings. There is a charm in the term that is grateful to the sensibilities of every lover of his country and every friend of mankind; and it is justly regarded as the only depository where social privileges may be secured and individual rights protected. This sentiment is so selfevident that all classes can recognize it, and in it, all degrees of men may harmonize. This term therefore in all free governments has ever been the talisman that political aspirants touch when they would deceive the people. It is alike practised by the rulers of nations and the rulers of individuals. It was this charm that softened the chains of Cæsar till they were rivetted on the necks of the Romans. It was this that deluded the followers of Cromwell, till they felt their manacles fast upon them. It was this that carried Buonaparte triumphant over Europe, till the people found they were not the constituents but the subjects of their hero.

The numbers of this assembly consisted undoubtedly of such chiefly, as feel a strong attachment to this favorite sentiment. But the utmost licence of probability will not admit that they generally could be fully informed as to the merits of the question before the meeting. This is indeed a privilege that few possess. And indeed this seems to have been relied on as an important fact by the managers, by their providing a teacher so able to instruct them. Imagine then the influence on such minds when told by such as they might think knew better than themselves, that their dearest rights are in danger—that the constitution is subverted—that the treasury is squandered—that patronage has become an article of purchase and sale—that usurpation is striding into power—that Tories are covertly gathering up the reins of government; and above all, that their republicanism is undermined. Who then, who has the charities for his fellow-being that he ought to have, can but forgive them the error of a higher though mistaken excitement. But add to this the force of threatenings of being cast out of the pale of republicanism, of being stigmatized as an old Tory—an aristocrat—a deserter of his republican party—an apostate, &c. &c. and how can we wonder sir, that most men under such influence, should contend, when he could his "quarters make" by simply raising a hand or passing over to the other side of the house. And such, Sir, was the influence on this meeting.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis
something, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

A chief operating principle that has predominated in this meeting is one that I think ought to be discarded from every mind that has any pretence to republicanism. It has appeared not only here but seems to have assumed an unusual degree of influence throughout the electioneering campaign. I mean that principle which is aptly expressed by the homely adage of "pinning one's faith on another's sleeve." It is a principle too contemptible for the adoption of him who rationally seeks the truth. Nothing is more anti-republican—nothing more congenial with monarchical sentiments. Yet this very thing is made a chief instrument to convert men to what is called republicanism. We are told daily and most often falsely told of converts to Jacksonism, as if such conversion was a sufficient justification for our own against any convictions of truth. Let a searcher after truth take this course and he can never find any safe foundation to rest upon. If it be wrong and foolish to be the subjects of such a principle, it is much more so to be the instruments of it. The intent of this meeting was to present a numerous show of hands for the General that others might be induced thereby to hold up theirs. This very fact is a sufficient proof that they fear to place the decision of the cause on a fair and candid investigation.

But I am extending my letter much beyond the limits to which I intended and must therefore close by subscribing myself.

Your Servt.

We now publish the letter of *Jotham* alluded to in the above, so that our readers may fully understand the management resorted to by the opposition faction in Buckfield. We give it *verbatim et literaliter*.

FOR THE OFFENSES

Mr. Burton, It is not a little amusing to observe the schemes devised by the few Jacksonites in this county to sustain their party and increase its numbers.

For this purpose reports un circulated in some towns misrepresenting their increasing strength in others. As such plans have been hitherto adopted to effect their purposes, the people should be apprised of its deception whenever detected. Of this abuse no town has shared more liberally than the old republic town of Buckfield. The few restless spirits it contains friendly to the political elevation of the "*Military chieftain*" have industriously circulated the fallacious report that a great majority of the Republican party have espoused the cause of the Hero. So confident were some of their overpowering numbers that they were induced to declare publicly their intention at the annual meeting for the choice of town officers to depose every man from office that would not avow their preference for Jackson. Their boasted pretensions to success called forth the relative strength of the two parties on Monday last the day of the meeting. The result proved to them that the cause of the Administration was triumphant here, un that the people would counteract any false impression of the kind contrary to this. In every instance where the choice of officers was decided on party grounds, the Administration candidates succeeded by a majority of two thirds of the votes that were polled. The election in fact terminated in the entire defeat and discomfiture of the Jackson party. And they who have long talked bold and surety have become of late quite "*Chopfallen*." It is to be hoped hereafter we shall hear from them no boasting of strength—no claims laid to the great body of the republican party.

Jotham.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. Editor,--A writer in the last Jeffersonian says there was no disposition to misstate a single fact, or distort the language of any individual; he says it was then and still is believed that the account was minutely correct; if not correct he wishes to be corrected.---Now, Sir, the writer in the Jeffersonian, of the 23d of April, says great pains were taken, previous to the meeting, to censure the attendance of all the citizens of Paris, who were openly and decidedly in favor of JOHN Q. ADAMS. He says the Selectmen were importuned to call a meeting, but they all declined it; but one of them being wearied with teasing, consented to sign notices per order. Now, sir, the truth is, the first and old republicans in the north part of the town, drew up a notice and signed to call a caucus in that part of the town, and choose a delegate and let the south part choose another, knowing that if a caucus was called on the Hill there would be a number of individuals there that would do all they could to prevent a general attendance,

This notice was shown to one of the Selectmen, and he refused to sign it, and said it belonged to the Selectmen to sign a notice—he said the Selectmen would be together in a few days, and he would mention it to them—and he thought they would give notice in the papers. This request of one of the selectmen was yielded to with a good deal of regret—as the general opinion was that the Selectmen should have nothing to do with it, for they might be called on by the other party in like manner.

The writer in the Jeffersonian says, "great pains were taken to ensure a general attendance:" this, sir, is not true, for it was with a good deal of inquiry that we ascertained that there would be a caucus on the Hill, at all—yes, sir, I was inquired of several times, not three days before the caucus, to know if there would be one on the Hill at all, which I would not tell them. Yes, sir, it was not known by one quarter of the inhabitants: people that lived within two and a half miles, never had heard of it—this I know to be true; and the going was so bad that we received papers in the north part of the town hardly one in three weeks for three months back.

As but few had seen the notice, some went at one o'clock, others at four and five—and, sir, just as the caucus came together, there was an auction set agoing that detained several persons that said, they should attend when the auction was over, but did not. He says the caucus was adjourned for one hour—this is false, as no adjournment took place till the delegates were chosen, and then it was adjourned without date. He says the principal orator was a man who in 1814 gave the following toast: "Thomas Jefferson. When he dies, may he be ferried over the river Styx, in one of his favorite gun-boats, while Tom Paine holds the helm, and Bona guards the gun to keep off Cerberus and the Furies."

This is not true, for no such person voted in that caucus—I challenge the writer to prove that such a person voted there for a delegate: such a person might be out and in at the tavern.

Now, Mr. Editor, I do believe that if Gen. Jackson has any friends in Paris, they were at that little caucus--it was there that his battles were rehearsed, and his patriotism extolled, and he was there said to be one of our best and most worthy citizens and statesman; but, sir, we did not prefer him to Mr. Adams--and some others in this caucus preferred Mr. Adams, out of pure re-

publican principles--such as he has ever shown to his country, these thirty years--such as has always been approved by Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, and, sir, we see no cause to forsake him at this late day.

Sir, the Republicans, the old true republicans of this town, are not to be led astray by Duff Green, McDuffie, Randolph, Van Buren, and a large lot of other disappointed office seekers.

After reading all that is written for and against the present administration, I, sir, can see no cause why we should forsake our President—to be sure, I do not uphold him in all his measures; but, sir, I do not differ from him so much as I do from Mr. Madison, or Mr. Monroe. I have no doubt but that Madison saw many errors in his administration after it was too late to recede. There is a great hue and cry about the expenses of our government, which is all laid to the President. I have been frequently told that the President has it in his power to put his hand into the treasury and take out money and lavish it where he pleases; even some of our papers would make the people believe it: how little such people understand the Constitution. Sir, they should lay the blame to the Representatives of the nation—for all bills for raising money and appropriating the same must begin with them and become a law in Congress which specifies how all monies shall be appropriated.

Now, Mr. Editor, the Selectmen never refused to sign that notice, for I am told so by them personally—the caucus never adjourned to go out and get recruits—neither did such a person vote for delegates there, that gave the toast alluded to; sir, I pledge myself to prove that there was but one federalist there. I feel myself warranted in saying, sir, that not one half of the people in town knew of the caucus. I knew of some that went there for the purpose of attending the caucus; but after hearing so much abuse and slander heaped upon our government they said they thought it best not to attend—yes, they were told that, we lived under a complete federal government, and it would be a federal caucus. How can we be surprised then, sir, that so few attended;—but I am told that there is seldom any more attends a caucus of this kind.

RODGER SHERMAN.

May 13th, 1929.

NORWAY, MAY 22, 1828

AMERICAN FIRST CLASS BOOK.—We have looked through this Book, and we are very happy to find that it answers well to its design, viz. for the use of the *highest* classes in public and private schools. It is of the large 12mo size, and contains 480 pages, on good paper, and well bound; price only one dollar.— But what is still more valuable, is the contents of the work, which consist in the selection of the best pieces in prose and poetry, of English and American authors. Mr. Pierpont has certainly bestowed much labor on this work, and we are happy in being able to state, that it is already extensively used in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and some parts of this State. We hope to see it introduced into our schools, and recommend to the superintending school committee of the several towns in this vicinity, to call and examine the *American first Class Book*, and they will be satisfied of the truth and correctness of our statement.

We have the pleasure to inform

readers that, we have the most important information to give them from Washington, that has been communicated for several years. This important news arrived in our village on Saturday evening last, and in order to circulate as soon as possible we anticipate our usual hour of publication—for this information is interesting to us all. Both houses of Congress have agreed to close the present session on the 26th instant—Monday next.

We are requested to state, that there will be a Church organized by the Universalists of this town and vicinity, on Thursday the 29th inst.—services at the Universalist Meeting house in the village commencing at half past ten, A. M. in the afternoon of said day, Mr. Murray will be installed over said Church and Society. Rev. Mr. Babo of Portland, and several other preachers of the order, will be present on the occasion.

Dreadful Occurrence.--As Mr. George Love, in Barre, Orleans County, N. Y., on the 18th ult. was cutting wood near a maple sugar manufactory, his wife, dodging from the flame which a gust of wind blew in her face, threw her head

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Vol. I

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